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# National

"To care for him who has borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans."

WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1901.

ESTABLISHED 1877—NEW SERIES.

## The SPY of the REBELLION

By ALLAN PINKERTON.

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While the events narrated in this chapter were occurring, Gen. McClellan was advancing up the Peninsula toward Richmond. Yorktown had surrendered, the battle of Williamsburg had been fought, and the army was advancing to the Chickahominy.

Mrs. Lawton and John Scobell had been for some weeks in Richmond, during which time they had obtained much important information. Mrs. Lawton taking the role of a Southern lady from Corinth, Miss., and Scobell acting as her personal attendant, determined to leave Richmond, they were on their way to join the Union forces, which, under Gen. McClellan, had their headquarters on the Chickahominy at a point about 10 miles from Mason's Landing. Here, according to previous arrangements, they were to meet Mr. Lawton, who was also one of my operatives, and from that point were to proceed to the Union camp.

The lady of the Glen House was a staunch friend of the Federals, and had on more than one occasion rendered valuable service to my operatives, especially to Hugh Lawton. It was, therefore, at his suggestion that his wife and Scobell adopted the plan of leaving Richmond, and to reach the other side. As Uncle Gallus had stated, a man had stopped at the tavern the night before and had informed Mrs. Lawton, the lady, that these were the rebels who had taken the route from Richmond—and had left a note to be delivered to Mrs. Lawton, which contained instructions regarding her future line of travel.

The trip from Richmond was one attended with great risk, as the country, on that side of the river, was filled with the scouts of both armies, and if captured by the rebel scouts or picked up by the Union forces, detection would be followed by serious consequences. Among my female operatives, however, none was clearer-headed or more resourceful than Mrs. Lawton, who prior to this time had been a most efficient worker and had been remarkably successful on her trips into the lines of the enemy. In each case, she had escaped with rare good fortune.

When Scobell entered the structure which the stranger had left, he found that it comprised a single room, and immediately proceeded to make a thorough examination of its interior. A small fireplace on one side, which showed no signs of having been recently used, and a number of bundles were scattered about. In the corner of the room he saw the pack and several articles that had been worn by the peddler, which left no further room for doubt in his mind as to the character of the individual he had been watching for so long a time.

He accordingly set out for Glendale, where he arrived just as the sun was rising behind the Western horizon. He narrated the particulars of his chase to Mrs. Lawton, who was convinced that the peddler was a rebel spy, but to the question as to whether he was to be trusted or not, she was closely questioned as to whether a horseman, answering the description given by Scobell, had passed through the village that afternoon, but he did not remember having seen such a person. Believing that possibly the man might really have gone on to Richmond, they concluded to start that night and hazard the consequences.

TOWARD THE UNION LINES.

Both of them were well armed and were, therefore, fully prepared to defend themselves, unless attacked by numbers. They rode swiftly along at the free and sweeping gallop for which the Southern saddle horses are so famous, and feeling quite secure, they conversed pleasantly together on their way.

"I guess we will get through all right, notwithstanding our fears to the contrary," said Mrs. Lawton.

"I dunno about that," replied Scobell; "we're not through with our journey yet, and there's plenty of time for trouble yet. Perhaps we had better walk the horses a spell."

"That is a good suggestion," assented Mrs. Lawton; "we will walk them a mile or two, and then we will be enabled to get the faster."

"I tell you, missus," said Scobell, "I wish we was at the land," somehow I feel that there is yet danger ahead."

"What makes you think so?" inquired Mrs. Lawton.

"Well, I am afraid that confounded peddler will turn up before we get through."

"Why, I can manage him myself," laughed Mrs. Lawton, "and if that is all you fear, we are perfectly safe."

"Now you're joking," said Mrs. Lawton; "but you'll find that I can fight if I get the chance, and I was thinking more of you than of myself."

"Well, there's an old saying, John, don't cross a bridge until you reach it; so we won't borrow trouble until it comes."

Their journey now lay through a rich, cultivated district; on either side were farms, whose growing crops had not yet been touched by the ravages of war, and the country, under the soft light of the moon, presented a scene of rare beauty.

Away to the left ran the river, now bathed in a flood of silvery light, which, emerging from a belt of woods, pursued its winding way until again lost to view in the woods that were sharply outlined at a distance. To their right the country was broken and hilly, and the landscape presented a rugged and picturesque appearance, in marked contrast to the evidences of cultivation upon the other side. The night was soft and balmy, and the silence was only broken by the low moan of the wind as it softly trotted along. It seemed difficult to believe that war was abroad in the land, and that even now, while in the enjoyment of apparent safety, danger was lurking on every hand.

Their horses being now sufficiently rested, they again pressed forward at a rapid pace until they were about five miles from the landing, when they were overtaken by Mrs. Lawton's husband was to meet her, and the balance of the journey to the Union camp would be free from danger, as the Federal pickets were posted across the river.

They were now approaching a patch of timber, through which they would be compelled to pass, and an instinctive feeling of dread came over both of them as they drew near to it. The trees grew close together, shutting out the light of the moon, and rendering the road extremely dark and gloomy.

"Just the place for an ambuscade," said Mrs. Lawton shiveringly; "draw your pistols, John, and be ready in case of attack."

Scobell silently did as he was directed, and riding close together they entered the woods. The darkness was so great that they could distinguish objects but a short distance ahead of them. They passed safely through the wood, however, and as they emerged from the darkness they contemplated themselves upon their good fortune, and began to think that they were unduly alarmed themselves.

Their comforting reflections were of short duration, however, for suddenly they left the wood and they perceived four horsemen approaching them at a swift gallop. What to do now was a question to be decided promptly. To turn and retreat would certainly insure their capture, as the woods were just behind and they were afraid to travel through them on a run—so they resolved to bravely continue their way and trust to chance for their safe deliverance, should the newcomers prove to be foes.

A MIDNIGHT ENCOUNTER.

A few hurried words were exchanged between them, as they arranged that each should select a man and fire on the instant they were challenged, and then they were dashed ahead, hoping by this bold and unexpected move to disconcert their assailants by killing or disabling two of their number, and thus effect their escape.

As the advancing party came closer, they divided, two going on each side of the road, leaving a space between them for other travelers to pass through. They were now close enough for my operatives to discover that two of them wore the uniform of Confederate gray, with heavy sabers at their sides, while the others were apparently in citizens' clothes.

Scobell, who had been intently regarding them, now exclaimed:

"Fore God, missus, that one on your side is the peddler!"

He had scarcely uttered these words, when one of the men called out:

"Halt! and throw up your hands!"

They were now nearly face to face with each other. Two sharp reports rang out on the still night air, and two of the men reeled and fell from their saddles.

"At 'em!" cried Scobell, through his clenched teeth, as he plunged the spurs into his steed. The two animals sprang forward, like arrows from the string, and in a moment they had dashed past the others, who seemed dazed at the suddenness of their actions, and before they recovered themselves my operatives were speeding like the wind some distance away.

"Lay low to your saddle!" cried Scobell to his companion, "and turn your horse as far to the side of the road as you can!"

At the same time turning his own animal close to the fence that ran along the roadside.

His directions were immediately followed by Mrs. Lawton, who retained a wonderful control over herself and the beast she rode.

It was evident that their enemies had not been expecting such a result to their demand, and they sat for a time like statues; then, as if suddenly recollecting themselves, they wheeled their horses, and, dis-

them, and, stumbling, fell heavily to the ground, throwing Scobell over his head and into the ditch.

Scrambling quickly to his feet, the negro shouted to his companion:

"Go ahead, don't mind me; save yourself!"

He then turned his attention to his horse, which had now recovered his feet, and stood panting and rearing in every nerve, both from fright and excessive exertion. Listening intently, he could hear the clatter of hoofs of the horse ridden by Mrs. Lawton in the distance, and coming closer every instant was the noise of the approaching horsemen. They had discovered his misfortune, and were now shouting and yelling with unbridled glee, as they came to the rescue of their comrade.

Leading his horse to the side of the road, he placed himself behind him, and, resting his trusty weapon across the saddle, he awaited the coming of the approaching horsemen. He calmly waited until the two men were within a few yards of him, and then, taking as good aim as the light of the moon enabled him to do, he fired. The horseman nearest him uttered a scream of anguish, and, throwing up both hands, toppled from the saddle and fell upon the ground, while his frightened horse, with a snort of terror, wheeled around and dashed off in the direction whence he had come.

The remaining man stopped his horse with a jerk that drew him back upon his haunches, and then, turning swiftly around, set off on foot in the opposite direction, while the bullets from Scobell's weapon whistled in dangerously close proximity to his ears.

Scobell, seeing that three of the pursuers were either dead or badly wounded, proceeded to reload his weapon, and was preparing to remount his horse and follow Mrs. Lawton, when he heard the tramp of horses' feet coming from the direction in which she had gone. From the noise they made, he was convinced that the approaching party numbered at least a score, and that they were riding at a sweeping gallop. A bend in the road, however, hid them from his view, and he was unable to determine whether they were friends or foes. In an instant, however, they were upon full sight, and, to his intense relief, he discovered that they were Union cavalrymen, and that Mrs. Lawton and her husband were at their head.

"Hello, John!" exclaimed Lawton, as they came up, "are you hurt?"

"No," replied Scobell.

"What has become of your assailants?"

"Two of them we left a mile or two back, one is lying there in the road, and the other, so far as I know, is making tracks for Richmond," answered Scobell.

"You are a brave fellow, Scobell," said the Captain of the squad, coming forward. "You were lucky in escaping their bullets, but still more so that you didn't break your neck when your horse fell with you, at the speed you were going."

"He fell on his head, I reckon," ventured one of the soldiers, wisely, "which accounts for his not being hurt."

"That's so," replied Scobell, in all seriousness. "I landed right square on my head in that ditch."

A roar of laughter followed this remark, and Scobell added, good naturedly:

"It might have killed one of you fellows, but it didn't even give me the headache. I am glad, though, it wasn't the missus' horse, or things might have turned out different."

A REBEL SPY.

The Captain now cut short the conversation by ordering four of the party to pursue the flying rebel, and, it possible, effect his capture, while the rest proceeded to

peddler was a rebel spy, and for some time past had been visiting Union camps, gathering information, which he had no doubt converted to the rebels. On his person were found papers which fully confirmed this, and that they failed to reach their destination on account of his death was a fortunate occurrence for the Union cause.

How he had discovered the character of my operatives is a mystery, as his wounded companion, when examined, stated that he had met him that night for the first time, and had, at his request, accompanied him in the trip which had ended so disastrously. He further stated that his party belonged to a band of independent scouts, which had lately been attached to Lee's army, and were assigned to Gen. Stuart's Cavalry. Mr. and Mrs. Lawton and Scobell soon afterwards returned to Washington, where they were allowed to rest themselves for a time before being again called upon.

VISIT TO REBEL CAPITAL.

The destiny of nations, history tells us, sometimes turns upon the most trivial things. In our own day had it not been for the opportune appearance of the Monitor when the rebel ironclad Merrimack steamed out of Hampton Roads, in March, 1862, our country would have been a very different place. The Monitor was derisively called, "the Yankee cheese-board," and she might have eluded the water of Union ships of war, raising blockade, opened the way for her to reach her destination, and played the Union States on record as having produced the most invincible navy in the world.

In addition to the Merrimack, the South, early in 1862, had devised a great many ingenious machines, in the shape of torpedoes and submarine batteries, that were designed for the purpose of blowing up the Union vessels that blockaded the Southern ports.

Through the efforts of one of my operatives the existence of one of these submarine batteries was discovered, and, too, just in the nick of time to save the Federal blockading fleet at the mouth of the James River from probable destruction.

This battery, which was located near her, 1861, that I dispatched one of my lady operatives to Richmond and the South, for the special purpose of securing such information as was possible about these torpedoes and internal machines, which I had good reason to believe were constructed at the rebel Capital.

The Frogman Iron Works, the largest factory of the kind in the South, were located at this place, and since the commencement of hostilities had been manufacturing cannon and all kinds of shot and shell.

The lady who selected for this task was Mrs. E. H. Baker; she had been in my employ for years, and at one time had resided in Richmond, although, prior to the war, she had removed to the North.

This lady, fortunately, was well acquainted with a Capt. Atwater and his family, who resided in Richmond, and she had learned from them, apparently, that they were in the city, notwithstanding the conflict between the two sections of the country, she decided to visit them, and to renew the acquaintance of years ago.

She accordingly started, and after a circuitous journey, arrived in Richmond on the 24th day of the month. The Captain and his family received her with great hospitality, and requested her to make her home with them during her stay in that city.

Capt. Atwater, although holding a commission in the Confederate army, was at heart a Union man, and secretly rejoiced at the news of a Federal victory. He soon expressed his views to my operative so clearly and so ably, that she had no doubt if he could do so, without jeopardy, he would join the Union troops and fight for the cause that really had his heartiest wishes for success.

While Mrs. Baker did not reveal to him her connection with the Secret Service of the United States, she took no pains to conceal from him her real sentiments, and in their confidential conversations was quite free in expressing her desire for a speedy Union triumph. The Captain was firm in his belief that the South was wrong, and that the measures had been led into the war by designing and ambitious politicians, and that she must eventually fail, although, he said, that while torn and suffering intensely, he believed in the situation to be wicked and cruel, and that the South should have given up their slaves rather than have gone out of the Union.

Loyal as he was, the Captain understood the Southern people thoroughly, and he felt sure that they would fight long and stubbornly, until they had yielded to the blacks the boon of freedom. Many days thus passed in quiet enjoyment and in these stolen discussions upon the important topics of the day. Mrs. Baker found herself very comfortable, and nearly a week was passed in viewing Richmond and the strange sights it then afforded.

On every hand she saw preparation for war, and at every street she turned was confronted with armed soldiers, whose measured tread kept time to the music of life and drums. In company with her host, she also visited the earthworks and fortifications around Richmond, and gained many valuable points of information in regard to their number and extent.

As yet, however, she had been unable to discover anything concerning the special object of her mission, and feeling the necessity of accomplishing something in that direction, she resolved to act. She had now established herself so firmly in the estimation of those with whom she associated that she believed she could with safety turn her inquiries in the direction that would lead to the knowledge she desired to gain. Accordingly one evening at the tea-table she remarked, incidentally, that she desired very much to visit the Tredegar Iron Works.

"I will be most happy to go with you to-morrow," replied the Captain.

"That will be delightful," said Mrs. Baker, enthusiastically.

Missus, I am afraid I will not be able to go to-morrow, as I have to go down the river to witness a test of a submarine battery."

"Why couldn't I go, too?" demurely asked my operative. "I am sure I should enjoy it very much; that is, if there is no danger connected with it."

"Oh, there is no danger, whatever, there will, doubtless, be a number of ladies present, and you can go if you wish to."

"I should most certainly wish to," laughingly answered Mrs. Baker.

"Very well," said the Captain; "if you and Mrs. Atwater will be ready by 9 o'clock we will have ample time to reach the place, which is some few miles below the city."

The ladies were both much pleased with this arrangement, and expressed themselves in extravagant terms of thankfulness for a trip which, no doubt, would be exceedingly pleasant. The Captain then proceeded to explain to them the nature of the battery which was to be

examined, and the road and railroad leading to the crossing of the Tappan.

The men marched out of Manila quietly and halted about a mile in the rear of the

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Washington, D. C., January 4, 1901. No. 3538

The National Metropolitan Bank

Pay to the order of Walter Miller Cent. 0 \$500.00

Five Hundred Dollars

W. E. Sheppard & Andrews

Photograph of the check mailed to the winner of the first prize.

WINNERS IN THE RECENT GUESSING CONTEST.

U. S. Treasury Receipts for December 31, 1900, \$2,417,845.80—the figures guessed at.

First prize, \$500, won by Walter Miller, 3718 Mead Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio, by guess . . . \$2,417,847.81.

Second prize, \$100, won by George W. Weir, 1122 Hoyt Avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana, by guess . . . 2,417,831.75.

Third prize, \$75, won by L. C. Vasseur, Ontonagon, Michigan, by guess . . . 2,417,861.35.

Fourth prize, \$50, won by David Clarkson, Austintown, Pennsylvania, by guess . . . 2,417,864.90.

Fifth prize, \$25, won by W. T. Haldebrand, Nelsonville, Ohio, by guess . . . 2,417,916.47.

Sixth prize, \$25, won by J. T. Dailey, Albany, Ohio, by guess . . . 2,417,927.81.

Seventh prize, \$25, won by Dr. S. L. Midkiff, Culbertson, Arkansas, by guess . . . 2,417,961.71.

Eighth prize, \$25, won by Joseph P. Van Nest, Wooster, Ohio, by guess . . . 2,417,963.69.

Ninth prize, \$25, won by J. G. Walton, Bedford, Ohio, by guess . . . 2,417,727.07.

Tenth prize, \$25, won by Joseph Scott, Warsaw, Indiana, by guess . . . 2,417,965.74.

Eleventh prize, \$25, won by Henry C. Bunting, Dunbar, Pennsylvania, by guess . . . 2,417,97.05.

Twelfth prize, \$25, won by J. B. Lingle, Middleton, Pennsylvania, by guess . . . 2,417,721.27.

Thirteenth prize, \$25, won by J. Sheppard, Thompsonville, Illinois, by guess . . . 2,417,719.15.

Fourteenth prize, \$25, won by J. O. Beebe, Eugene, Oregon, by guess . . . 2,417,712.60.

Fifteenth prize, \$25, won by Frank E. Russell, Hanover, Maine, by guess . . . 2,417,981.73.

FAIRNESS OF THESE CONTESTS AND OTHER NOTES.

We do not know that any subscribers or club-raisers entertain doubts of the honesty of these contests. If they have doubts, they should dismiss them. First of all, the paper and the publishers have some character—their "word," among those who know them personally, is said to be as good as their "bond."

Second, the most dangerous and damaging thing imaginable for a paper would be to treat its supporters unfairly. It is the self-interest of the paper to conduct these contests fairly. But the fairness of the contest is proved by the above table. There are the guesses that won. If any made closer guesses, let them say so. There are the names and addresses of the winners. It is easy to prove if these are genuine or fictitious.

Another Contest, this Time for \$3,000.

Guess the receipts of the U. S. Treasury for Monday, February 25, 1901. See particulars below.

Our guessing contests have been enormously popular. But there are thousands of our subscribers who failed to take advantage of the opportunity, and also many club-raisers who have not sent in the full number of subscribers which they expect to get before the season is over.

To accommodate both these classes especially, we have hung up another purse, this time amounting to

AN EVEN \$3,000.

This sum is divided into the Ordinary Prizes, and the Extraordinary Grand Prize, as explained further on.

Some years before the enactment of proper laws by Congress to protect legitimate business, and suppress dishonest prize puzzles and other devices, there was a natural prejudice in the minds of some as to these enterprises.

Congress, however, stepped in and passed a law which protects honest publishers now, and makes it impossible for the old fake schemers to do business.

The Supreme Court of the United States has passed upon all forms of contests, and has approved of those like the one we have adopted.

There is another advantage in our method, that we take a subject to which the contestants may devote their "skill, industry and judgment," to use the language of the Court, and arrive at a DEFINITE CONCLUSION QUICKLY and positively.

The receipts of the United States Treasury are published every day. There is no secret about the matter. The money is collected from various sources from all parts of the country, and no man living can tell 24 hours in advance what the amount is to be upon a given date. We hope, therefore, that in our new contest, which will probably close THE SEASON, every subscriber on our list on Feb. 25, 1901, will take advantage of the opportunity and make a guess, and that every club-raiser will do his best to secure as many guesses as possible.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, 339 Pa. Ave., Washington, D. C.

The BATTLE of MALABON

By CAPT. HARRY L. WELLS, 2d Ore.

Frequently parties of civilians, both ladies and gentlemen, visited the Kansas trenches at Calocan, and were shown about by the gallant officers. Occasionally the sudden song of the Mauser was in their ears, and they would inquire quickly,

"What was that?" only to be told in an off-hand way that it was a bullet from a Filipino sharpshooter. At such times I have seen a big man make a panicky dive for cover, and a little nite of a woman stand in the open and laugh at him.

Finally, Gen. Otis was ready to advance upon the rebel Capital at Malolos, and the first thing he did was to send a woman to the trenches, and the road and railroad leading to the crossing of the Tappan.

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